THE PACIFIC

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Reading Room

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AN ANSWERED PRAYER.

"Oh, give me a message of quiet,"
  I asked in my morning prayer;
"For the turbulent trouble within me
  Is more than my heart can bear.
Around there is strife and discord,
  And the storms that do not cease,
And the whirl of the world is on me—
  Thou only can'st give me peace."
I opened my old, old Bible,

  And looked at a page of Psalms,
Till the wintry sea of trouble
  Was smoothed by its Summer calms;
For the words that have helped so many,
  And the pages that they held dear,
Seemed new in their power to comfort,
And they brought me my word of cheer.

Like music of solemn singing
  These words came down to me—
"The Lord is slow to anger,
  And of mercy great is He;
Each generation praiseth
  His work of long renown,
The Lord upholdeth all that fall,
  And raiseth the bowed down."

That gave me the strength I wanted!
  I knew that the Lord was nigh;
All that was making me sorry
  Would be better by-and-by.
I had but to wait in patience
  And keep at my Father's side,
And nothing would really hurt me,
  Whatever might betide.

—Marianne Farningham.

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PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The Rev. Dr. Temple of Sacramento supplies Plymouth Church, Seattle, while Dr. Van Horn supplies the First Church of Oakland.

"A striking address, delivered with convincing force, and produces a profound impression," is what a correspondent of the British Weekly says concerning the address by the Rev. C. R. Brown, at the International Council in Edinburgh. Mr. Brown's address was on "The Value to the Bible of Criticism."

After supplying the pulpit of the First Church of San Francisco for two Sundays the Rev. J. R. Knodell has returned to his work as Anti-Saloon League superintendent in Oregon. Mr. Knodell believes that he was never working more in hand with Christ than in the Anti-Saloon League movement.

Through the church papers the Los Angeles Church Federation is asking of pastors of the churches of all denominations throughout the country that they send to the Federation the names of members of their churches moving to that city from time to time. In a circular which we have received it is stated that representatives of different denominations have agreed on making the Federation a "church clearing house, for this purpose. The word is: "Strangers come to us in multitudes. Help us shepherd them!" The names sent in are to be put in the hands of the pastor of church in the denomination to which the persons belong—the pastor of the church nearest the place where they reside.

In 1901 there was organized in Los Angeles what is known as the Sequoya League. It is an incorporation and has a national executive committee, among its members being President Jordan of Stanford University; George Bird Grinnell of New York, editor of "Forest and Stream;" C. Hart Merriam, chief of the Bilological Survey, Washington, and Charles F. Lummis of Los Angeles. The League seeks the betterment of the condition of the Indians. Through the efforts of the League more has been done to adjust the historic wrongs of the California Indians during the last few years than had been done for decades before. Members are solicited. The annual fee is $2. Life memberships are $50. The League took the name of the great Cherokee, Sequoya, the American Cadmus," the only Indian who ever invented a written language, and after whom the giant redwoods of California have been named.

In its report of the International Congregational Council, the British Congregationalist said, concerning the address by Professor Nash of Pacific Theological Seminary, on "The Place of Experience in Christian Theology:" "Dr. Nash pointed out that Christianity's message was never to the intellect alone. God's first demand was not for correct thinking, but for belief and obedience; not for any computable amount or quality of intellectual action upon truth, but for the response of the heart and the answer of conduct unto him. Experience had generated Christian Theology and sustained it. Living was the groundwork of thinking, with the child, the man, the age, the race. Continuing, Dr. Nash said that experience had given, and must ever give, the materials of Christian theology. That experimental element in revelation of the Bible was now coming to its own. Revelation—that personal communication of thought to the soul by God "involved" the subjective perception. Men lived their lives with God; the best of them lived worshipping and marveling, anxious and thoughtful, obedient and loving, devoted and sacrificial. In such living, truth dawned and rose upon them; they found themselves walking in the light; they recognized the light wherein they walked. This was not to assert the bare action of violent forces. God was in it all. No man could return unchanged from an hour of revelatory association with God, an hour of insight and reflection and appropriation."

The First Congregational Church of Los Angeles passed its forty-first anniversary Sunday, July the 19th, with an enrollment of 1,850 members. Five years ago the church left its location on Sixth and Hill streets with 1,150 members. When its second building was dedicated, in 1883, at Third and Hill streets, the membership was 183. The sermon by Dr. W. H. Day on the forty-first anniversary was on "Progressive Orthodoxy." The text was: "Who bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old." The thought in part was that progress and orthodoxy are compatible; and yet there is such a thing as too much "progress." "When a church wakes up to the fact that it has been riding atilt of what turned out to be just windmills, it is time it went out of business. Some time ago a church which had worshipped only at the shrine of the progressive, the new, was startled when its pastor said, 'I have no message. I retire today from the ministry.' That same Sunday morning they decided that the church had no message, and they disbanded." Continuing, Dr. Day said: "The Church of the Pilgrims has a standard by which to judge the host of religious novelties which clamor for acceptance. While progress could not have come save in revolt against orthodoxy, we need only to think to realize that the majority of novelties fail to lead forward. Burbank discards 9,999 pomological heterodoxies to find one step in advance. Our Lord warned his disciples of the many who should claim to be God's anointed. A thousand false, and but one Christ! This is the law of progress." For an adequate standard, for a real orthodoxy Dr. Day pointed to Christ, saying, " 'Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ'. The basis of our fellowship is personal commitment to that Christ. The great evangelists which have been nurtured in our church have differed in theology, but they have all stood together at this point. They have spent their lives calling men into personal relation with Jesus Christ."

Among the interesting historical relics which will be on exhibition at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition in Seattle next year are certain documents which the Scien-

tific American says would have been of great importance at the time of the settlement not long ago of the Canadian boundary question, if they had been discovered at that time. They were unearthed recently in Alaska by Leo Nabokoff, a friend of Count Leo Tolstoi. "They are ancient papers showing how Russia managed to lay claim to the entire northern coast of North America. Nabokoff has forwarded some of the documents to the Governor-General of Canada and they will in all probability be exhibited in the Dominion building at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition, which will be held at Seattle in 1909, as they would have played an important part in the history of the countries the fair will be held to exploit had they been brought to light sooner. It was while in Sitka, where he was sent by his government to put in order the archives kept by the Russian authorities, that Nabokoff discovered the papers. They were written in old Russian, which he had studied. One of the records was an order from the Russian government to the Czar's governor of Alaska to bury tablets bearing the Russian coat of arms at different points along the coast, which were to be carefully noted so that in after years when the country became valuable they could be dug up and used by Russia to claim the territory. This was done in part and the purport of some of the documents is that Russia appropriated the whole of the Alaska coast. Had these records been brought to light before the boundary decision some five years ago, they might have affected it, but now that the coast line is forever settled they are chiefly of interest as relics. Nabokoff located some of the tablets and they will be secured for exhibition at the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific exposition. They were buried as far south as Britsh Columbia. Had they been unearthed and claim laid to that territory, the United States, by the purchase of Alaska, would now own the entire Pacific coast from Mexico to the Arctic Ocean."

One of our readers has asked us to give the relative strength of Congregationalism and Presbyterianism on the Pacific coast. We comply with the request—and more. We find from a statistical exhibit of the Presbyterian Church for the year ending April 1st, 1908, that the Synod of California had a membership of 36,002; the Synod of Oregon, 10,481; the Synod of Washington, 18,117. This makes a total membership in the three states of 64,600. The statistics in the Congregational year book for 1908 give the Congregational churches of California a membership of 24,137; those of Oregon, 4,078; those of Washington, 10,308. A total of 38,513. To this should be added the Congregational membership of 184 in Nevada and 321 in Alaska; for the presbytery of Nevada is in the Synod of California and the presbytery of Alaska in the Synod of Washington. The presbytery of Nevada has a membership of 547, and that of Alaska, 1,004. The Presbyterian churches in the Synod of California received 6,133 members last year; the Congregational churches of California received 3,653. The Presbyterians received 2,586 on confession; the Congregationalists 1,299. In Oregon the Presbyterians received 1,780, of which number 841 were on confession. The Congregational churches of Oregon received 456, the number on confession being 224. In Washington, including presbytery of Alaska, the Presbyterians received 1,553 on confession and 1,656 by letter, a total of 3,209. The Congregational churches of Washington received 691 on confession and 921 by letter—a total of 1,612. The Congregational churches of Alaska added 155; the church at Reno, Nevada, 20. We note that the Presbyterian churches of California gave $36,550 for home missions, and $37,443 for foreign. The Congregational churches gave $25,217 for home missions and $25,740 for foreign. In Oregon the Presbyterian contributions for home missions were $15,842; for foreign, $8,420. The Congregational contributions in Oregon for home missions were $1,706; for foreign, $1,861. In Washington the Presbyterians contributed $13,963 for home missions and $9,133 for foreign. The Congregationalists of Washington gave $8,364 for home missions and $7,939 for foreign. In these figures throughout there is food for thought; and each reader can do his own thinking unprompted.

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

There are thirty-six daily newspapers printed in the city of New York in languages other than English.

A few years ago John D. Rockefeller gave the First Baptist Church of Mexico City $7,000 with which to buy a lot. It is worth $100,000 now.

In an address recently before the graduating class of the Wisconsin University, Mr. Bryce, British ambasador to the United States, called attention to and emphasized a very grave danger which is menacing the universities and schools of higher learning both in this country and in Europe, and that is the tendency to emphasize that class of study which is useful to get dollars.

St. Luke's hospital of the city of New York, has come into possession of $3,000,000 worth of property by the will of William Wheeler Smith, an architect. It is to be applied to the care and relief of needy convalescent patients recovering from acute diseases and surgical operations, and from these and other causes requiring care and treatment not obtainable in their homes, and without regard to religious belief or sex.

The midsummer number of the Century Magazine, the August number, contains twelve short stories. Among them is one by Jack London, entitled, "To Build a Fire," a vivid dramatic story of the Yukon wilds. Another special feature is "A Group of Aldrich Letters"—letters to such interesting personalities as Taylor, Lowell, Fields, Stoddard, Stedman, Howells, Clemens, Woodberry—edited, and with comment, by Ferris Greenslet.

New York is to have a building which will overtop even the proposed 909-foot Equitable Life structure. One thousand feet will be the height of the new building, plans of which are said to have been prepared by Earnest Flagg, architect of the Singer tower. A plot at Board and Wall streets, now occupied in part by the Mills building, is said to be the site on which this highest tower will be erected. The cost is placed at $7,000,000, and the area of the tower will be, according to report, 100 by 80 feet.

Another feature will be added soon to the interesting sights and scenes of New York by the placing of a group of four large bells on the forty-sixth story of the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company's building in Madison Square. The bells will be placed nearly twice as high as any others in the world. The largest will weigh 7,000 pounds and the smallest 1,500, and are said to be the largest bells ever assembled in a group. They will strike the quarters of each hour in chime and in the night may be heard at a great distance.

In an editorial on the recent International Congrega-

tional Council, the British Congregationalist says: "On the theological side, as might have been expected, some very wide differences of view have become apparent. Every school of thought has been represented, and there has been also liberty of utterance. But there has been also a fundamental agreement on essentials, for which some of us were not altogether prepared, and it would be impossible to argue from the debates of last week that Congregationalists were in any serious degree departing from the old standards of the evangelical faith."

At the Educational Association at Cleveland, Principal Booker T. Washington, of the Tuskegee Institute, Ala., made a plea for the education of the black children of the South. Among other things he said: "On the basis of school population each child in the Northern States had spent upon him last year for his education for teaching purposes about $5. On this basis of school population each negro child in the South had spent upon him for teaching purposes about 50 cents. At this rate it is impossible to educate the children of 10,000,000 of people sufficiently to make them useful and effective citizens."

Wu Ting Fang, Chinese Minister to the United States, recently made the statement that he had discovered the secret of longevity, specifically mentioning a period of two hundred years to which he could live through a system of diet. He volunteered to give his system to anyone who wished to know it, and a gentleman who sent him an inquiry received from the Imperial Chinese Legation at Washington the following: "In answer to your letter requesting my plan of diet I have to say as follows: (1) I have given up my breakfast, taking two meals a day, lunch and dinner; (2) Abstain from all flesh flood; my diet is rice or, when I go out to dinner, whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables, nuts and fruit; (3) I avoid all coffee, cocoa, tea, liquors, condiments and all rich foods; (4) I have given up salt also, because it is found that salt makes one's bones stiff; (5) I masticate every mouthful of food thoroughly before it is swallowed; (6) I don't drink at meals, but between meals or one hour after meals; (7) I practice deep breathing; (8) I take moderate exercise."

In eight of the eleven Presidential elections since 1868, including the one for 1908, Indiana has had candidates either for first or second place. In 1868 Mr. Colfax was Republican candidate for the vice-presidency. In 1876 Mr. Hendricks was on the Democratic ticket with Mr. Tilden. Four years later Mr. English was the Democratic candidate for vice-president. In 1884 Mr. Hendricks again had the second place on the Democratic ticket with Mr. Cleveland. Mr. Harrison was the Republican Presidential nominee in 1888, and again in 1892. In 1904 Mr. Fairbanks was on the ticket with Mr. Roosevelt. This year it is Mr. Kern. As far back as 1852 George W. Julian has the second place on the Hale ticket. And in 1872, after the death of Mr. Greeley, which occurred between election day and the day of the meeting of the electoral college, Mr. Hendricks received the bulk of the Democratic vote. In the same year Mr. Julian, as the vice-presidential candidate of the Liberal party, received five electoral votes. Indiana has long been considered pretty fair fighting ground. Therefore this record.

Writing concerning the Democratic candidate for the vice-presidency, the Indianapolis News, an independent Republican paper, says: "The nominee is not widely known outside of Indiana, and certainly he has no national reputation, but he is strong within the State, and popular with men of all parties. He is a man of high character, and of more than average ability. There is nothing that can be said against him. Neither he nor his party need fear that he will not be able to stand the test to which men are subjected in a Presidential campaign. We have differed from Mr. Kern many times on important questions, and have often criticised him with much severity. Many of his opinions are not our opinions. We have always thought that he missed a great chance to serve his party in 1896 when he failed to stand by his own previously expressed principles. But he thought that the only way—or at least the best way—to serve the party was to stay regular, and to support the nominee, whoever he might be. Probably most men will agree with him. But in spite of past differences, we are glad to say that Mr. Kern is a clean man, a good neighbor, and, as we have said, a man of more than average ability. An effective campaigner, he will do good work for the ticket. Indiana is fair fighting ground, and it was well to take a man from a State which the party had no chance of carrying, or from one who was certainly Democratic,would have been unwise. The nomination of Mr. Kern points clearly to a vigorous effort by the Democrats to capture Indiana."

The Rev. Dr. Caspar W. Hiatt of Cleveland, Ohio, made a marked impression at the International Congregational Council in Edinburgh. A special representative of the British Congregationalist writes: "The surprise of the first week was Dr. Caspar W. Hiatt, of Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. Hiatt is not so well known on this side of the Atlantic as he deserves to be, so suffer a pen picture. Imagine a fairly tall, dark, handsome man who faces a congregation bolt upright, and with the air of a speaker who means something and means intensely. Dower him with a voice of rare quality that under his skilled control now rolls like thunder, and now is dulcet with low dove-like notes. This description will do for a beginning, and it must also suffice for an end, for the plain truth is that Dr. Caspar Hiatt must be seen and heard to be believed. For half an hour by the clock, noteless, he poured out on us a studied and modulated stream of epigram and exhortation, of good-natured easy jest and sonorous and reverberating solemnities; and the ink pales at the mere memory of his peroration. The whole speech was stupendous and astounding. It was Niagara Falls in full flood with its broad cascades swelling beneath the sunlight and rainbows amid its spray. And even at at Niagara one does not analyze the water, so were we all too amazed to realize the quality of the matter that contributed to his torrent of eloquence. This was a pity, for I am sure the address will read magnificently; and when next Dr. Caspar Hiatt pours himself down from rivers to rapids ,even at the risk of being submerged in the whirlpool, may I be there! Happy and astonished will be those who are with me."

The Rev. Dr. Frank H. Foster, of Olivet College, Michigan, gave an address at the Congregational Council in Edinburgh on The Doctrine of the Sacraments. The British Congregationalist, in its report, says that Dr. Foster held the sacrament of the Lord's Supper as merely a memorial." We quote: "The address dealt with the two historic positions of Congregationalism on the doctrine of the Sacraments—the one constructive and the other critical—but, as will be seen later, not with the full assent of his hearers. The first account, he said, which was given of the institution of the Lord's Supper, that of the Apostle Paul, made it merely a memorial. In the original Gospel, Mark, noth-

ing was added which warranted an expansion of that meaning to something so widely different as was the sacramentarian. It was only in the third stratum, where they were visibly receding widely from the simpler earlier tradition at many points, where the stories of the virgin birth and its cloud of accompanying miracles were told, and the impossible exegesis of Matthew was introduced to sustain the Messiahship of Jesus, that a deeper meaning was attached to the Lord's Supper in the hint that it had something to do with the forgiveness of sins. Criticism did not long hesitate between that which agreed with a spiritual gospel and that which was upon the road towards the later distortions of Christianity which resulted in the externalism and puerilities of Rome. The meaning of the sacrament," continued Dr. Foster, would never be found by discussions concerning the word 'is' in the phrase 'This is My Body.' Undeniable historical certainty, such as was sufficient and also imperative and indispensable to fit any text to become the foundation of a dogma, and especially of a dogma so far-reaching and important as was the dogma of sacramentarianism, belonged to no word that Jesus was reported to have spoken, and to no single fact in his related life. Hence the whole basis had been withdrawn from beneath the argument for sacramentarianism, and it fell to the ground, there to become buried amid the other rubbish which had been accumulating throughout the centuries. A brief but brisk discussion ensued in which Dr. Adamson vigorously attacked the views of the last speaker, and stated that if those opinions represented Congregationalism he would cease from being a Congregationalist."

We judge from reports in the English newspapers that one of the best received addresses at the recent International Congregational Council was that by the Rev. Dr. Bradford of Montclair, New Jersey, on Culture and Philanthropy. "In a striking passage Dr. Bradford said that the perils which threatened the Church were all from its own household. It need have no fears concerning any forces from without. The Ingersolls, the Bradlaughs, and the Blatchfords were all helpers of the Church, because, like the outriders of the stage-coaches in new countries, they kept whipping it into the road into which it ought to travel. Turning to the dangers which threatened the Church from too little culture and from not enough philanthropy, he remarked, these are very real. The Church had been slow in recognizing and utilizing progress in various departments of knowledge. The average man of affairs who read the creeds to learn what the Church taught, believed that to this day all Christians thought that the story of the Creation was literal history; that God was a King who might be angered by his subjects, rather than the Father who was seeking his children; tnat the Atonement was an expedient for maintaining the majesty of outraged law, rather than the manifestation of the divine nature in terms of time and humanity, for the purpose of drawing all intelligent beings into unity. The intelligence of the Church believed in the universe, in the spirit of truth and love which pervaded it, in the universality of the moral order, in a real Incarnation, and in a vital atonement, in the inevitable consequences of right and wrong conduct; that all men were being drawn upward, and that the consummation of history would be the Kingdom of God. The ideal of Jesus and the ideals of philanthropy were identical. The Church was intended to be a brotherhood of free souls, united in the worship of God and the service of humanity. As a matter of fact, it was often an organization of intelligent men and women dominated by a dictator. Even in some so-called Free Churches similar inconsistencies appeared. Many of them were not brotherhoods. The best place in them was still reserved for the man with the gold ring; more attention was given to wealthy families than hungry souls. Church buildings with fatuous frequency were located so as to accommodate the rich, rather than to reach the depraved. Whether rightly or wrongly, many of the very people who needed the Church most felt that lodges, labor unions and social clubs provided more tangible benefits. The Free Churches of the world were not invariably examples of brotherhood. That fact ought not to be evaded. How could it be when even men as good and brave as Mr. Moody and Campbell Morgan conducted gospel meetings in cities in the Southern states of America from which all, even decent colored men, were excluded solely because of their color. Evangelism which appealed to white people alone was hardly Christian. (Loud applause.) That so few colored people were Christians was not a matter of surprise. The wonder was that they were not all infidels. (Hear, hear.)"

RACE TRACK GAMBLING IN CALIFORNIA.

An Open Letter to the Voters by Earl H. Webb, President of California Anti-Race Track League.

Each individual who casts his vote at the coming election for an Assemblyman and State Senator will be called upon to decide whether or not he will support men who are pledged to vote for legislation prohibiting race track gambling or for men who will vote against said proposed legislation. The responsibility is upon the voting public.

But it does not require argument to convince the average honest citizen that the two gambling institutions, Emeryville in Alameda county, are evils of the worst kind and are rapidly undermining the business integrity and morality of our citizens. The average citizen also knows that these institutions are being maintained and protected under color of law; for this particular kind of gambling is omitted from its provisions, although roulette, monte, faro, poker, and the like, are included. Yet gambling on the races, as now carried on through pool selling, is a thousand times more far-reaching in its corrupting and injurious influence than other kinds of gambling.

At the last two sessions of the legislature bills were introduced in the Assembly prohibiting race track gambling. With much difficulty these bills passed the Assembly, but were defeated in the Senate.

With the experience of the last four years before us, the officers of the California Anti-Race Track League have decided to begin with the people instead of waiting until after the legislature has convened and adopting the principle of the initiative, let the voters decide whether or not they wish this legislation.

The general law of the state also provides that the trustees of such a municipality shall have power to **suppress gambling and gambling houses,** but nowhere does the law give to said trustees the power to encourage, permit or license gambling houses. The trustees of the city of Emeryville have by ordinance granted to the New California Jockey Club permission to maintain the business of horse racing and have also granted to said jockey club permission to maintain book-making or gambling at said race track. Arcadia has, either directly or indirectly, granted the same privileges to its gambling institution.

It is the contention of the Anti-Race Track Gambling League that the charters of the cities of Emeryville and Arcadia should be annulled by quo warranto proceedings

instituted by the attorney-general of the State on the ground:

First—That the charters were procured through fraud, the purpose being not primarily for the government of each particular territory, but to protect institutions which are against public morals and therefore contrary to law; and,

Second—On the ground that the Boards of Trustees of said cities are acting illegally in granting the permission above referred to, and as said towns derive revenue from a source which is against public policy and are practically maintained by said illegal institutions, their charters should be annulled.

We present these facts and suggestions to the voters of the state, and we ask each individual to assist us in the movement to stamp out this evil.

But this is only one place of attack. The legislature is the principal point.

Will each one of you, the honest, conscientious voter and citizen, make it your personal business and as a matter of civic duty to interview every candidate for the legislature who appears in your community and demand from him whether or not he will support this particular legislation, and if he refuses to answer you or evades your question, then do what you can legitimately and through publicity to defeat him at the polls?

Let us force the issue before the conventions meet and in the conventions make the legislative candidates declare themselves.

VACATION VAGARIES.

By W. H. G. Temple, D.D.

III.

It would seem quite natural that a city of such varied scenery, such topsy-turvy topography and such a diversity of interests, commercial and social, should express itself religiously in an equally independent manner. Almost all cities of a cosmopolitan type profess to be sufficiently untrammelled of traditionalism to harbor the newest attempt at religious expression; but Seattle outdoes them all in furnishing an asylum for disgruntled and ingenious malcontents. Time was when the five leading denominations of Protestantism and Roman Catholicism could among them satisfy the varying theological tastes. Then the liberal sects put in their claim for recognition, until now we have new contestantants so much more advanced than the fleetest of the long ago, that we wonder what the next outpost on the frontier of religious progress will look like. It would seem as if Episcopacy, Roman or Anglican, could find height enough to satisfy it on these towering hill-sites; as if Presbyterianism in its differfent compartments might build solidly enough on these rock foundations; as if the Baptists could adequately care for our waterfront; as if the Methodists—Methodist Episcopal, Methodist Protestant and Free —could supply all the fire necessary to furnish religious propulsion; as if the Congregationalists could form an army of independents sufficiently strong to keep back the encroachments of undue authority, and give plenty of room for the play of aggressive freedom of thought and action; as if those unsatisfied with historic Christianity might at least, in taking one step further in the way of liberalism, find a happy pasturage on the Unitarian and Universalist slopes and intervals;—but no! The Seattle mind refuses to be limited. The Seattle taste defies control. In enumerating the above I have not gone into subdivisions. The Lutherans, Christians or Disciples, Salvationists, etc. I have mentally included in the general trunk lines of doctrine and polity, though they have distinguishing minor characteristics.

And Christian(?) Science(?)! Well, of course, that has a foothold, and with both feet. Good Christian folk, who have always had the loveliest dispositions, and an inclination toward the mysterious, and have been attracted toward the healing element in this self-contradictory cult, have left the churches of which they have been members for many years, and have professed to find rest and peace under its tyrannical dogmatism. Its idealism is anything but ideal. Its philosophy out-Berkeleys Berkeley. It is an Eddy, pure and simple, with so many currents and counter-currents, that its victims are kept in a continuous circular whirl, with no stopping place and no progress. It is at least consistent in this: It only professes to cure those who have nothing the matter with them! By the perversion of a sensible thought, the inversion of an upright principle, the contradiction of a clearly demonstrable fact, and the subordination of religion to a pseudo-scientific test, the followers of this extravaganza have made an extraordinary advance in the world. With an impersonal god to worship, an unatoning Christ to follow, no sense of sin to disturb them, because they practice no sin of sense, with no body to speak of, though some of them turn the scale at two hundred and over, and have remarkably good appetites considering they are not supposed to have any digestive apparatus, these votaries of Eddyism deceive both themselves and the public, and never die at all, at all, but simply pass in into the the physic forever and ever. And three churches—or better, thought-houses—shelter them in this materialistic city.

From this we turn to the church of Divine Science—whatever that may be. Whetеher it is any more divine, or any more scientific, than other institutions somewhat similarly designated remains to be proved. I have not investigated its peculiar claims, and hence can only refer to the sign-board. The first impressions are not reassuring, however. There was a School of Illumination here not long ago, but its light has gone out. The Rational Church of Universal Religion remains, however. Its pastor bears the quite universal cognomen of Smith, but enjoys the military adadjunct of Winfield Scott, who used to be called by the irreverent small boys of his day, "old fuss and feathers." I know there is something of the belligerent in this pastor, for he is both a free and a sharp lance in relation to his brethren in the ministry. Those who place Christianity and the ethnic religions side by side, and see no superiority of claim for one form of religion over another, enjoy the fellowship of this society.

Theosophy, with its doctrine of multitudinous reincarnations, and hence its utter disregard of individual responsibility, also has its adherents. I know some people who give evidence of some kind of incarnation. I do not know but re-incarnation. I don't think it is always human either. There are strong traces of fox in some men, and of considerable bear in others. As for the serpent, he seems to have got a tenacious hold on pretty nearly everyone. There is one thing these theosophists claim to have accomplished in which I am particularly interested—and that is the photograph of a thought. That is a good deal farther than any scientific cult has yet gone. It exhausts the capabilities of the X-Ray. I would be delighted to see the negative. The Latter Day Saints are pushing their propaganda of saintliness with vigor. It is not claimed that they are following up the decrees of the divorce court, but that might be a profitable field for them. They call their church

Zion. In some cases, at least, it has been better described as "sighin'." Whether Dowieism is as dead here as Dowie, I cannot say; but it is not alive enough to advertise. The Friends we have had for cycles, with their broad-brimmed hats and their innocent and peaceful lives; but the Church of the Nazarene is a newcomer, and singularly enough locates its place of worship on the corner of Aurora avenue and Blewett street, which is at any rate suggestive. Then Adventists, Sabbatarians and Spiritualists, galore!

Now a city provided with all these religious advantages should not be at a loss for opportunity. The old-fashioned, the new-fangled, the conformatory and the reformatory, can all satisfy their varying tastes to their hearts' content and fear no interference. I am inclined to think if they could all get together and by some religio-chemical process could be reduced to the final analysis, the sublimite would be a mighty interesting substance to examine.

Hence:—

What matters it what laws there be,
  What precedent divine we find?
When man encounters Deity,
  The test must be immortal mind.

Time was when the primordial germ
  Fresh from the hand of Yahweh fell;
The universe, from star to worm,
  Could only His great wisdom tell.

Now we are told no God was there;
  That Evolution did it all;
The sun, the earth, the sea, the air,
  Obeyed but dumb creation's call.

Once we were t aught that man was made
  In His Creator's image. Now
That he evolved, without His aid,
  From stardust, fish, gorilla. How?

'Twas said of yore the Father gave
  A revelation through His Word;
The test of science now we crave—
  The other thought is quite absurd.

The prophets erstwhile spoke and wrote
  Of One, a Savior, yet to be.
'Tis all illusion. Now we quote
  Their words as merely poetry.

He came, He saved the world from sin
  By His red cross, apostles say.
An idle tale! He came to win
  Through truth. There is no blood-marked way.

His cross was but a gibbet. Why,
  There is no sense in such a plan
As Paul declared—the critics cry,
  For man was never lost, proud man!

What are we coming to? We've trod
  O'er every path man can devise,
To find the truth, and form a God
  Well pleasing to our eager eyes.

The ancient adage we reverse,
  That man's God's greatest work, and scan
The language for a phrase more terse—
  "God is the greatest work of man."

No wonder law has lost its power,
  And reason boasts its regal sway;
When faith has died 'tis danger's hour,
  And death lurks all along the way.

O God, speak through Thy Word! O Son,
  Assert Thy sacrifice again!
We're only safe till we've begun
  To heed the outlaw-minds of men.

Seattle.

SUMMER IN THE SAN JOAQUIN VALLEY.

W. N. Burr.

On Monday, July 20, our evening paper had the following to say concerning the weather: "Today has been the hottest of the season, the thermometers about town ranging all the way from 104 to 109, depending on the locality. Yesterday was a pretty warm day, but it is a few degrees hotter today. If the usual order of things prevails we may look for a few cool days pretty soon." At this writing, four days later, a cooler day has come, and we are quite as comfortable as the majority of people.

A hot Sunday, when the feel of the air suggests a fiery furnace, is not likely to witness crowds of people making their way eagerly to the churches. But we had fair congregations last Sunday, with the mercury playing hide-and-seek with the 100 mark. Fifty-four came to the Sunday-school, and we felt a thrill of encouragement. Fifty-five came to the morning service, and we felt another thrill of encouragement. The Christian Endeavor Society held a red-hot temperance meeting, and the third thrill came. And into a church building soaked in heat came a congregation of forty persons to the evening service, and we had several thrills of encouragement all at once. It is true these numbers are not large. The Sunday-school attendance has been cut in two in the middle since April, and attendance at the morning services has fallen off con iderably. But there are three things to be considered as these figures are read—First, the intense heat. Second, it is vacation time, and many people are away from home. Third, this is a "north of the Tehachepi" town. All these things considered, our hot Sunday was a day of delight at the church, and we came home at night feeling that it is good to be here—even here in the San Joaquin Valley—in summer time.

I have just been reading Dr. Temple's "Vagaries No. 2." Poor Seattle! Cow-path streets, no noble street-trees, "no vista in its scenery." We do a great deal better than that here in the San Joaquin Valley. The streets in our town are wide, and as straight as the lines on a checker-board. And almost every street is lined on both sides with trees—tall cottonwoods, wide-spreading cork elms, and dainty-leaved locusts. It sets all the poetry in a man a-tingle just to look far down the street and catch the charm of the vista. Oh, we have vistas galore here in Tulare, but we have none to spare. Seattle can enter into the joy of them if she will come here and live among them, but we have none to dispose of to be carried away.

Today the leaves of the cottonwoods are all a-flutter. There is a breeze abroad in the land, and the aspen blood in the cottonwood leaves is quick to recognize it. It was not so four days ago, when the heat reigned supreme without opposition. Then these sensitive leaves hung on their long petioles as if there were no life in them; and when a

cottonwood leaf is motionless it is evidence unimpeachable that "not a breath of air is stirring."

But as one looks out the window here in our town there is something to be seen besides street-trees and vistas. There is a mass of humanity here, men and women and children; and a mixed multitude it is that greets the eye of the thoughtful onlooker. We are white, and black, and brown, and yellow, and almost any color of skin by which men are known nationally. Most of us are supposed to be white, but the sun of the San Joaquin Valley is a great face-painter; and while the Ethiopian cannot change his skin we can change ours, and do, or rather the sun does it for us. But besides the supposedly white people, there is rather a heavy sprinkling of those whose skins are naturally of another hue than ours—Chinese, Japanese, Italians, Greeks, Armenians, "Hindoos," and just how many other nationalities may be represented on our streets I am sure I do not know. The Hindoos add not a little to the picturesqueness of the scene—but how in the world can they stand it to wear those great black turbans swathed about their heads these hot days! We meet them frequently on the streets; and as I rode by a great field of sugar-beets of several hundred acres not long ago I saw a group of perhaps twenty-five of these turbaned men at work among the beets. "And how about reaching them with the word of life?" The question flashed to my mind that day and has held a place there ever since, but I cannot answer it. In "The American Missionary" of last November we are told that "The California Chinese mission has outgrown its name. The new name now proposed is 'The Pacific Coast Oriental Mission,' the Orientals being Chinese, Japanese and Koreans, with the possible addition of Hindoos in the near future." Whether any Christian work among Hindoos on the Pacific coast has yet been undertaken by the "Oriental Mission" I do not know. If Dr. Pond has reported such work my eyes have been dull and have not yet caught it. But the Hindoos are here, next our hand; and if they are not cared for by Christian teachers it will not be Dr. Pond's fault.

What a field for Christian work! Earnest men and women in whose bones the missionary fire burns have only to come to the San Joaquin Valley and they can select their work. If they want foreign mission work, here it is. If they want home mission work, here it is. And if they want to be just ordinary home church workers, here is an opportunity. It is a difficult matter to find teachers for the children who flock to our Sunday-school through most of the year. And here is all this other work to be done among the nations with whom we touch elbows every day. What a magnificent field for Christian work!

WHY AND HOW TO BE HEALTHY.

(Christian Endeavor Topic for August 9th.)

Albert W. Palmer.

Why be healthy? The question answers itself: Be healthy because to be healthy is to be normal, to get out of life the things God intended, to see clearly, act efficiently and grow symmetrically.

How secure and retain health? A few years ago this question would have appeared only in medical journals or in the "Health Hints" corner of the daily press. Today we find it put down as a Christian Endeavor topic and discussed in religious papers. This change is indicative of a profound advance in public thought. How be healthy? The old answer, "Live in harmony with the laws of health," is still true, but there has come recently a much broader unnerstanding of what the laws of health are.

The material factors. Some of these forces which determine health are what we call material. Just what "matter" really is, is something for the metaphysicians to quarrel over. Even suppose that, as our Christian Science friends say, it is only an "illusion," it is an illusion we cannot get away from, and has all the practical value of reality. A man must have pure water, fresh air, exercise and nourishing food. Impure water means typhoid, lack of air means consumption, lack of exercise means indigestion, and lack of proper food means all sorts of trouble.

Mental and Spiritual Factors. But the material factors are not all—there are mental and spiritual forces that make for or against good health, and it is the importance of these that we are discovering today. Worry, jealousy, loneliness, fear, anger, selfishness,—these are breeders of disease along with impure water and improper ventilation. They arrest weaken the powers of resistance. A great deal more disease is caused by, or allowed to continue because of these unhealthy mental and spiritual conditions than we dreamed of a few years ago.

What About Christian Science? This is the secret of the power of Christian Science. By its preaching of cheerfulness, its insistence on the non-existence of all that is evil or unpleasant, it banishes a great many of these mental obstacles to good health and health comes back. The weakness of Christian Science is, of course, its attempt to deny the reality of the physical factors of health. This weakness may lead to tragedy. If followed out to its logical end it would mean no provision against the pollution of the city's water supply with typhoid germs (for according to Christian Science there is no disease, no pain, and of course no germs), it would mean no sanitary measures to prevent the spread of tuberculosis, no quarantine against small-pox, the abandonment of the campaign against mosquitoes, which has almost banished yellow fever from the South, and it would mean no gates or flagmen at railroad crossings, and no regulations for the safety of steamships.

Sane Religion and Good Health. But, fortunately, it is not necessary for us to embrace all the tragic absurdities that masquerade under the curiously inappropriate title of Christian Science. The simple, common-sense view of the situation seems to be about this: Some of the laws that make for good health are material, have to do with avoiding poison and contagion, with securing proper sleep, ventillation, exercise and food. But there are also other elements involved, certain great religious principles to observe which is just as important as to drink pure water and eat proper food. What are these spiritual factors? One is faith in God. To realize that one is not alone, but always in the presence of Him whom Jesus called Father is to cast out fear. Another is self-control. The man who realizes that as a child of God it is his duty to be "master of his ship, captain of his soul," who refuses to lose his self-mastery in any passion or intemperance, has laid a strong foundation for good health. Another factor is love for our fellow men. Hate shrivels the body and the soul, but if any man persistently and in the spirit of Christ will love even those who fail to appreciate his love, if he shall have "the love of love, the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn," then he is in the shining way to good health. Another factor in good health is prayer. To take one's life day by day, or hour by hour and commit it to God is to cast out worry and open the soul to the healing indewelling of the Holy Spirit.

One last word: Suppose someone has done all this, and yet accident or disease come and take away good health; what then? Christian Science has no reply except a cold and comfortless denial of the fact. But the religion of the New Testament has a glorious and still triumphant answer. It is in the experience of Paul who prayed that his thorn in the flesh might be taken from him. It was not taken from him, but a greater answer came: "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my power is made perfect in weakness."

Among the Churches.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Bethlehem.—The pulpit was supplied last Sunday by the Rev. Joseph Rowell.

Oakland, Second.—The Rev. C. N. Smith, recently from Humboldt county, is supplying the pulpit.

North Berkeley.—Wednesday evening of next week Chaplain Rowell will speak concerning his recent trip to Palestine.

Berkeley, Bethany.—Next Monday evening, under the direction of the Men's Club, there will be a discussion of the question of the proposed withdrawal of West Berkeley from the city corporate body.

Fitchburg.—The recently organized Sunday-school about a mile and a half from the church is growing rapidly. A tent will be put up in which to hold the services for a while. The location is near the Boulevard and Central avenue.

San Francisco, Bethany Church.—Rev. S. C. Patterson is taking his vacation. Rev. Mr. Sinclair is supplying the pulpit and is preaching very acceptably. Sunday morning he preached from the text, "Be partakers of the divine nature," and presented the subject in a very plain and forceable way. Like most city churches our congregations are small, owing to vacation time.

Fruitvale, Ward Memorial.—The Men's Social and Improvement Club of Lower Fruitvale is proving very valuable in a social and religious way. Its organization was at the suggestion of the Rev. Leslie Briggs, the pastor of Ward Memorial Church, and its meetings are held in the church. It is drawing men away from dissipation and is enlisting them not only in movements for municipal improvements, but is drawing them to the church and the work of the church and is binding them there.

Woodland, July 22.—We have been here nearly two months. Just now we are passing through the heated term that annually happens in the Sacramento valley. It is bearable. The nights are cool. Several days lately the thermometer registered 100 or more. Several pastors are away on vacations, bust since we have been here so short a time we shall remain "by the stuff." Our church, after the Unitarian experience of two years ago, is pulling itself together. We have fair audiences at the morning worship, but a small Sunday-school. A most delightful arrangement has been in vogue here for several years: union services are held on the court house square Sunday evenings. Six of the local churches enter heartily into these services. The pastor of each of these churches preaches two sermons during the summer to the union audiences. So they last during an interval of twelve weeks. It was a great pleasure for me to take "my turn" last Sunday night. About 600 people were present. Seats for the people are provided, but large numbers sit upon the grass, and we thought of the splendid meetings that were held long ago on the grassy slopes of Palestine by the Man of Gallilee.—W. W. Riley, Pastor.

Riverside.—The month of June, 1908, will long be remembered as the month in which our ladies paid the last of the debt incurred in building the new and commodious parsonage. This was made possible through the munificence of the president of the Woman's Union, Mrs. H. O. Reed, who gave the last three hundred dollars. The erection of such a building, costing altogether nearly sixty-five hundred dollars, has been no light task; but then our ladies are used to tackling big problems, and with such uniform success that some of us men wonder what they will do next. It is to be hoped the men will now proceed to build the much-needed church which our former pastor had in mind when the parsonage was begun. The church is fortunate in the possession of one of the most centrally located corners in the city on which to erect a building suited to its growing needs. . . . On Tuesday, the 21st inst., our people had the pleasure of fellowship with the Men's Club of Dr. Day's church, Los Angeles; they came over in special cars, bringing a picnic lunch, which, supplemented with hot coffee furnished by our ladies, and eaten under the cool shade of the trees in Fairmont Park, made a very enjoyable meal. After dinner the meeting was called to order in the pavilion. The object of the gathering was set forth by Dr. Day, who was followed by many of the leading brethren, including several laymen, along the line of "work for men by men." The speeches were timely and vigorous. A committee was appointed to prepare the matter of forming a league of all the men's clubs connected with the Congregational churches of Southern California and present the same at the next meeting of the General Association in October. . . . Our Sunday-school has held its interest, and attendance in a good degree in spite of the hot weather, with a very hopeful outlook for the future. . . . Over sixty have been brought into the church during the nine months of Dr. McLaren's work here. The congregations have been large, both mornings and evenings. Not a few of the brethren are praying earnestly for an outpouring of the Spirit that our church may go forward to more aggressive work with the beginning of the autumn campaign.

WASHINGTON.

Glendale.—Work has commenced on the building.

Elk.—Rev. Irvin B. Taylor has accepted the call and is on the field.

Blaine.—Rev. Oliver Perry Avery has been called to the church here and is on the field. Fourteen were voted into membership recently.

Hillyard.—At the last communion five were received by letter and three by confession of faith. Both preaching services and Sunday-school are keeping up well during the hot weather.

Doty.—Rev. David Reid and Rev. J. T. Nicholls are holding special meetings here with good results. A recog-

nition council will soon convene and will doubtless receive Doty into fellowship.

Malden.—Rev. John T. Percival organized a Sunday-school at this new town on the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul line, seven miles from Rosalia. The land company donated a lot and arrangements are being made to purchase the adjoining one. A church will be organized as soon as conditions warrant it.

Seattle, Green Lake.—One of the divisions of the Ladies' Aid Society gave a lawn social, to which the members of the Kirkwood church were invited, being held in the imemdiate vicinity of the Kirkwood church. It was hard to tell by the composition of teh gathering whether it was a Green Lake or Kirkwood affair. This was a splendid opportunity for the members of these nearby churches to become better acquainted. The two churches have appointed committees to consider the possibility of a union.

North Yakima.—Six were received into membership at the last communion. The pastor, Rev. Harvey H. Luckenbach, is camping with his family on Lake Washington. He reports progress on the program for the Washington Association meeting, which will be held with the North Yakima church September 15-17. The morning of the 16th will be devoted to the annual meeting of the State Home Missionary Society, the afternoon and evening to the Laymen's Movement. Considerable time will be devoted to the "Immanuel Movement."

Seattle, Japanese.—The Japanese church has secured more commodious quarters and is growing in size of congregations and membership, three having been received by baptism and two by letter July 19th, the first Sunday in the new rooms. At the end of August Rev. Mr. Miyakawa, pastor of the Kumai Church at Osaka, and president of the Congregational Union of Japan, will be in Seattle and will preach for Mr. Inouye, formerly Mr. Miyakawa's assitant in Osaka, now pastor of the Japanese church in Seattle. Mr. Miyakawa was one of the speakers at the International Council in Edinburgh.

Port Gamble.—Everything here is owned by the mill company, except the minister, Rev. T. Robert Elwell. Mr. Elwell has been working against the saloons till things began to go against them, when suddenly the mill people told him to quit or leave the church. As the building is owned by the mill and is largely dependent upon it in other ways, Mr. Elwell had to do one or the other. True to his convictions he would not cease to speak against the saloon, so he resigned. The saloons have won the battle, but the war is not ended, and doubtless this mistreatment of a faithful pastor will injure the saloons not a little. All honor to Mr. Elwell who held his ground, though he knew what to expect.

Springdale.—A disastrous fire wiped out practically all of the business section of the town. Rev. Jas. J. Evans was one of the first to see the flames which broke out near the home of an invalid parishioner whom he was on his way to see. Hastily removing her and her valuables to a place of safety, Mr. Evans helped fight the fire, which soon spread towards the church and parsonage, which several times began to smoulder. At last the wind changed and the fire burned itself out. No damage was done to the church or parsonage, but the escape was very narrow. Mr. Evans immediately helped to secure food and clothing from the nearby towns and the suffering was partly relieved. The townspeople are courageously attacking the problem of rebuilding.

Everett, Swedish.—Sunday, June 21st, was a great day for the Swedish Evangelical Mission church, the notable even being the dedication of their new and beautiful building situated on North Colby Ave. and 26th St., one of the best locations in the city. It is a frame structure having a very pleasing exterior arrangement and is commendable for both utility and attractiveness. The auditorium has a seating capacity of about three hundred, while another hundred can be accommodated in the gallery and the "mothers' room," which is separated from the auditorium by movable partitions of ground glass. On one side of the pulpit is the pastor's study; on the other the choir platform. The interior finish is of natural wood of very handsome grain. Large windows, well-placed, admit abundant daylight, while four electroliers furnish the necessary illumination for evening services. The Sunday-school is well cared for in a large, light and airy basement, adjoining which are the kitchen, dining room and the usual adjuncts of a thoroughly modern church building. It would be difficult to find another plan combining so many desirable features possible at such moderate cost. The new church stands as a monument to the wisdom and executive ability of the pastor, Rev. John J. Huleen, whose untiring preseverence and capability have been large factors in the success achieved. The dedication services began on June 19th, with a sermon in the Swedish language by Rev. O. J. Lundell of Bellingham. Saturday evening Rev. James E. Smith, pastor of the First church, preached in English. Sunday morning at 9:45 Rev. B. J. Thoren of Portland spoke to the Sunday-school and at 10:30 Rev. O. J. Lundell spoke again, with music by the children's choir. At three o'clock the people gathered for the impressive service of dedication. Fine music was rendered by a large chorus choir and addresses were given by Supt. W. W. Scudder in English and Rev. B. J. Thoren in Swedish. Rev John J. Huleen read a short history of the church, which brought out many interesting facts. The financial statement was then given and after a Scripture reading, prepared by the pastor, the dedicatory prayer was offered by Rev. J. E. Smith, and the service concluded by the Apostles' Creed and Lord's Prayer by pastor and congregation. In the evening addresses were given by Rev. M. E. Anderson of Tacoma, Rev. O. J. Lundell and Rev. B. J. Thoren.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

Rev. W. H. Boyd, who has been serving the First Congregational Church at Forest Grove as pastor for the past three years, tendered his resignation last Wednesday evening, which was accepted. Mr. Boyd did an excellent work at Forest Grove.

Rev. Luther R. Dyott, D.D., of the Portland First Church, announces that he will not take a vacation this year, and the house of worship will be kept open for the morning service through the month of August.

In the death of Hon. Alanson Hinman, at Forest Grove, on the 20th inst., Oregon lost one of its most useful citizens and one of its most honored pioneers. Mr. Hinman was born in Columbia county, State of New York, on May 1, 1822, and was one of a family of eleven children, and came across the plains to Oregon in 1844. Upon arriving at the Whitman Mission at Wai-il-at-pu (six miles west of the present city of Walla Walla), he became acquainted

with Dr. Marcus Whitman, and was invited to remain during the following winter and conduct the school. He also acted as commissary for Dr. Whitman during the early part of his stay there at the mission. Mr. Hinman always spoke of Dr. Whitman with great respect, and describes him as "tall, with high cheek bones and prominent eyebrows, beneath which were grave and kindly eyes of gray." During the winter of 1844-45 Mr. Hinman lived in the Whitman family, and hence had the opportunity of knowing something about the conditons then existing. While he was not inclined to make a hero out of Dr. Whitman, he characterized him as "brave and discreet, full of energy, and living only for others."

The winter of 1844-45 was the second winter since the return of Dr. Whitman from his journey to the East, and Mr. Hinman's recollections and opinions in regard to that event are important to the student of history, in view of the discussion that centers about it. He remembered that Dr. Whitman often spoke of it in the family, but never in a boastful way, nor with claims to extravagant service. He was particularly fond of speaking of the surprise which he created among the people of the East in his frontier costume of skin and fur. In regard to the visit to Washington Mr. Hinman is decided, because he recollects that Mr. Whitman told him that he made it. He did not, however, hear, while with the family, anything of the conversations which Dr. Whitman is quoted to have held with the government officials in Washington. There was no doubt in the mind of Mr. Hinman that the visit to Washington was made by Dr. Whitman before he went to Boston on missionary business, as he has always believed that the interests which the doctor had in Washington were the ones which took him East at that time of the year. Mr. Hinman does not believe that any questions regarding the mission would have made it necessary to start until the following spring.

In the spring of 1845 Mr. Hinman left the Whitman Mission and entered the Willamette Valley and soon found employment as a teacher at the Oregon Institute, located at Salem, the outgrowth of the Indian school first started in 1835 at the Methodist Mission about ten miles northwest of Salem, by Rev. Jason Lee, in the winter of 1834-35. He was connected with this school nearly two years.

In 1847 Mr. Hinman was sent to The Dalles as secular agent of the American Board at that place, the Methodist mission there having been purchased by the American Board, to be used as a base of supplies for the missions farther inland; in order to do away with the necessity for securing supplies from the Hudson's Bay Company. All plans respecting the development of this field came to nought as a result of the Whitman massacre of November 29-30, 1847. Then Mr. Hinman returned to Willamette valley, and in a little while located on a farm at Forest Grove, which remained his home up to the time of his death, excepting from 1867 to 1873, when he was collector of customs at the port of Astoria, his duties requiring him to live at that city. Upon returning to Forest Grove at the expiration of his term of office he began merchandising, and followed that business until 1890, when he retired.

Mr. Hinman was married twice—the first time in 1846, to Miss Martha Gerrish, who bore him eight children, four of whom are still living. Mrs. Hinman died in 1864, and a year or so later he was married to Miss Sophia Margaret Bowen, who bore him two children, who, with their mother, survive him.

Mr. Hinman was the last member of the original board of trustees of Pacific University, and was a trustee of Tualatin Academy in 1854, at the time collegiate powers were granted to that institution, and the greater part of the time was president of the board. He was a great friend of the first president, Rev. S. H. Marsh, and a tower of strength to the institution all his active life.

For a great many years Mr. Hinman was a member of the Forest Grove Congregational Church, and was a man to be relied on in every emergency; and throughout his long life contributed much towards the betterment of the community in which he lived, both by precept and example. The funeral services were held on the 22nd, and were conducted by Rev. Daniel Staver, assisted by Rev. Herbert W. Boyd.

Portland, July 26, 1908.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. D. Goodsell, pastor at Ceres, is back from a very enjoyable trip East. During his visit he attended his class reunion at Oberlin.

Until the return of Dr. Adams, the last week in August, the pulpit of the First Church of San Francisco will be supplied by the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose.

The Rev. Charles S. Vaile of Claremont, California, stopped in Berkeley a day or two last week on his way home from a visit in the East. He attended the anniversary at Oberlin, of which institution he is an alumnus. Mr. Vaile is now in business at Claremont.

The Rev. H. E. Banham of Martinez finished last Sunday a four weeks' supply of the pulpit of the Fourth Congregational Church of Oakland. He speaks in the highest terms of the spirit of the church. Mr. Maar has so led in the work as to make the church one of great activity and earnestness.

The Berkeley Bible Seminary, of the Church of the Disciples, commonly called "Christian," has selected Professor Walter Stairs of Des Moines, Iowa, for the chair of English and Greek New Testament. Prof. Stairs has for several years occupied the chair of New Testament Greek in Drake University. A recent announcement to the brotherhood of this denomination in California states: "The deanship of the seminary will be left vacant for the present. The trustees are deeply solicitous that only properly qualified and suitable men shall be chosen for the seminary work. In Professor Stairs they feel that such a choice has been made. They wish to be equally certain concerning the deanship."

A GREAT STORY TELLER.

Joel Chandler Harris, the much esteemed Uncle Remus, died early in July. He was only sixty years of age. He was editorial writer on the Atlanta Constitution for twenty-five years. His original negro dialect stories were published in that paper. Since that time he has filled the air with Uncle Remus' songs and stories, ringing delightful changes down to "The Tar Baby Story." His humor was as unique as it was delightful. Bre'r Rabbit and Bre'r Fox have made life more tolerable. Mr. Harris held a field in the literary world all his own. Nasby, Josh Billings, Mark Twain, Bret Hart, Artemus Ward and the ubiquitous Mr. Dooley have each a distinct sort of humor, but none of them cross the path of Mr. Harris. He was greatly beloved by the American people, and will be sadly missed. His stories will be read with delight until some other genius shall arise and produce a better catalogue of stories. That is not likely to occur in the present generation.

THE HOME

Only a frown,
And the day is dour,
And chill is the air,
And the wide skies lower;
And dire foreboding,
With unknown power,
The soul makes bitter
And sad the hour.

Only a smile
On a pleasant face,
But it gives the sunbeam
A long stern chase,
And it makes the hearth
A joyous place,
And it fills the day
With a nameless grace.

A cheery word
And a cheery smile,
How feat they foot it
For many a mile!
With what bright glamour
And what sweet wile,
They make home heaven
And life worth while!

ONE MOTHER'S OPINION.

The Little Mother, who was sewing, and the Schoolma'am, who was curled up in an armchair, were talking. The Schoolma'am always said she got many a hint from the Little Mother which helped her wonderfully in ruling her motley little subjects in the brown school-house. Presently five-year-old Winnie ran in, bubbling over with excitement about an accident that had befallen her doll. The Little Mother's sewing had to be laid aside while she listened to Winnie's story, sympathized with and comforted the little maid, and finally saw her run off happily to her play again.

"How could you stop your work and listen to it all so interestedly when you were in a hurry to finish your sewing?" asked the Schoolma'am. "I'm sure I wouldn't have the patience."

The Little Mother smiled. "I'm afraid I wouldn't have either, always. But last summer I learned a lesson one day when I was calling on Mrs. Clifford. You know her daughter, Edith Clifford, that bright, handsome girl who is so ambitious? Mrs. Clifford was talking to me about Edith. She said that Edith never confided in her, never talked to her of her plans and hopes, her failures and successes, as she did to her own girl friends, or as other girls did to their mothers. She said she felt completely shut out of her daughter's inner life. The tears were in her eyes as she spoke. I felt so sorry for her, and yet I couldn't help thinking that she herself was greatly to blame for it; although I am sure she would have been much surprised had anyone told her so, for she has always been a most affectionate and self-sacrificing mother. But often when I was there, when Edith was just a tiny girl, I have seen her come to her mother just as Winnie came to me now, eager to tell some little incident or plan which seemed very trifling to a busy woman, but of great importance in the eyes of a child. Mrs. Clifford would push her away impatiently, saying, 'Edith dear, mother is too busy,' or 'There, there, I haven't time to bother now.' Edith's face would cloud over and she would go away with quivering lips. What wonder if, after repeated repulses, the child came to think that none of her little interests mattered to her mother? She has grown up with that impression, and it can never be effaced. I thought of all this while Mrs. Clifford was speaking, and I made a compact with myself never to risk the loss of my child's confidence in like manner. I believe that if Winnie, when she comes to me with her small trials and triumphs now, always finds me ready to listen and smpathize and suggest, she will continue to do so when she grows into young girlhood."

"You are right, Little Mother," said the Schoolma'am. "I haven't forgotten how grieved and hurt I used to be when I was a mere mite and found that grown people took no interest in what seemed so wonderful to me, or, what was even worse, laughed at or ridiculed some of my childish thoughts when I tried to express them. Oh, it cut right to the bone and marrow! It is such a pity that most folks never seem to realize how sensitive the blossom of a child's confidence is! At the first rude touch it shrinks and closes, never to reopen. By the way, Little Mother, what are you doing?"

Little Mother laughed. "Something foolish, perhaps you'll think. You know I made these two print aprons for Lilian to wear to school. They were long, full, high-necked and long-sleeved—very neat and nice, I thought, besides being very serviceable. Well, when Lilian came home from school yesterday there were tear-stains on her face. When I asked her what the trouble was, she said that the girls in her class had laughed at her aprons and called them 'baby dresses.' So I am taking out the sleeves and cutting down the necks. I suppose many people would think me very foolish indeed, but I don't think I am. Of course, I think a mother should stand firm if a real principle were involved, and I don't believe in humoring mere whims or vanity either. But neither do I think a mother ought to inflict unnecessary discomfort on a child. Lilian is sensitive and would really suffer if she had to go on wearing those aprons at which her little world laughed. This seems trifling to me, of course. But suppose I myself were compelled to wear abroad some garment, no matter how serviceable it might be, which an acquaintance ridiculed. I know how I would feel. So I didn't try to scold or ridicule Lilian—and I am fixing over the aprons."

"I know," nodded the Schoolma'am, "when I was a little tot an uncle from the West brought me home a pair of embroidered deerskin moccasins. My parents made me wear them to school, and I'll never forget how I suffered. Looking back now, I know that the moccasins were really pretty, and I wish somebody would give me a pair like them nowadays. But nothing like them had ever been seen in my small world before, and they seemed to me odd and bizarre. Nobody else wore such things, and I felt as if every one was looking at my feet. How I loathed and detested those poor little, gay little moccasins!"

They both laughed, then the Little Mother said. "I'm going to 'fess to smoething else, so that you'll not get too much of a shock when you meet him. I had Teddy's curls cut off today."

"O Little Mother," protested the Schoolma'am, "why did you do it? I've approved of you right along, but I can't—no, I can't—approve of this. His lovely, long curls!"

"Well, I discovered that his lovely, long golden curls

were just so many thorns in my little son's soul. Oh, I hated to let them go! They did look so sweet and picturey when I combed them out over his velvet suit and lace collar. But poor Ted's heart was broken. He said the other boys laughed at him and called him 'girl-baby,' and offered him curl-papers; and he just couldn't stand it. I had a bit of struggle with myself. Then I thought I had no right to make Ted's life a wilderness of woe just to gratify my maternal vanity. So I took Ted to the barber and he is a shorn lamb now, bless his dear little round, close-clipped pate! He isn't half so pretty, but he is a great deal happier."

"What a wise Teddy to choose you for his Little Mother!" said the Schoolma'am, with a resigned sigh.—L. M. Montgomery, in The Interior.

THE OLD FARM.

When the busy day is over with anxious hopes and fears,
And the telephone stops ringing and the last clerk disappears,
With a sigh I lean back weary in my swinging office chair,
And my thoughts go back to childhood and the old farm that is there.

I can see the dear old homestead, broad and low beneath the trees,
And the rows of shining milk pans sunning in the fresh, sweet breeze;
I can see the barn and horses, and the orchard on the hill,
Where we gathered golden pippins for the old straw cider mill.

I can see the upland pastures dotted o'er with grazing sheep,
And the wheat field waving golden, ready for the men to reap,
I can see the old stone fences where the chipmunks used to play,
And the cornfield and the meadow with its piles of fragrant hay.

I can see the cattle standing 'neath the willows by the brook,
Where I used to fish for minnows with a bent pin for a hook;
And the pond where grew the lillies that my mother used to prize,
Ah, the light of heaven's shining now within those dear old eyes.

And I sigh while fancy lingers o'er each well-known pleasant scene,
Of the happy days of boyhood thrown by memory on the screen;
And I'd give all I have gained since, all my wealth and treasure rare,
To go back one day to childhood and the old farm that is there.

—Townsend Allen.

There is a new degree, "Doctor of Delusions." It is a D. D. correct enough. It is conferred on those who have some dominant delusion, and particularly on those whose delusion is that they can disillusion the delusions of other people.

Young People

THE TRUEST WISDOM.

The long, rambling summer hotel, with its deep galleries and open halls, stood high upon a bluff, at whose feet ran the clear, rippling mountain stream; and on beyond was the country—the beautiful, infinite country. To Clare Chester, whose home was in a closely built street of a great, noisy city, the sight of this far-reaching, placid land was an inexhaustible pleasure. So he spent most of the long, quiet days leaning over the banisters of the west gallery, watching the laborers down in the sunlit fields and the occasional white-covered wagon passing along the narrow road. Here and there farmhouses nestled upon the green hill slopes; but it was at the little house nearest the hotel that all travelers seemed to stop, and its small front porch was always filled with groups of visitors. Clare concluded that the gentleman who lived there was a very interesting sort of person, who had a great many friends, and he wanted very much to go and see him. But then there were a lot of things that he wanted to do that were forbidden, because he had been ill a long time, and his parents had brought him here to the mountain resort that he might get strong again.

Today Clare's mother and all the guests at the hotel had gone away in a pleasure wagon to see a wonderful cave where they would have a picnic lunch and not come back till dusk. Not to be allowed to go when the others were planning the splendid trip was almost more than the child could endure. He had to jingle the money which had been paid him to stay at home and think very hard of the fine things he might buy with it in order to suppress the tears as he watched the big wagon pass down the road and vanish beyond the woods.

"Does you-uns want ter buy some good eatin' apples this mawnin'?" The oddest voice that Clare had ever heard interrupted his revery, and the sight which greeted him as he leaned farther over the banisters was equally as odd.

A little gray donkey, whose burden consisted of one passenger and considerable freight, was nibbling grass about the steps. The passenger was a small boy, whose round, flushed face was as nearly covered by freckles as ever was a guinea egg. His red hair protruded unrestrainedly through the holes in his straw hat, and his clothing was scant and ragged. He seemed to be a well-supplied "market man." Over one shoulder hung a cotton-cloth satchel filled with plums. Tied to the pommel of his saddle was a bunch of frying-sized chickens, whose feet were closely confined by means of twine, and whose heads hung downward. On his left arm swung a basket of eggs, and on his right another basket of striped apples. Tied to the back of his saddle were a couple of tin pails.

"Ef you-uns ain't er-wantin' apples, thar's plums, nice 'n' ripe." The speaker's small, sharp eyes looked eagerly toward Clare, and it was evident that it was he who was being addressed as "you-uns."

"Why, yes; I'd like them very much if my father will let me have them. Wait a minute and I'll ask him." Clare turned to his father, who was busy with his writing just inside the hotel office. "Father, here's a boy with fruit to sell; let's buy it."

Mr. Chester came out upon the gallery and looked

good-humoredly down at the donkey and his burden. "Yes, I'll take your fruit, sir," he said.

Hardly had he spoken before the lad had slid lightly from his perch, regardless of incumbrances, and was emptying the bright red fruit into a convenient receptacle. "Thankee, sah," he called as he hastened down the steps and nimbly resumed his place.

"Wait a minute, please. I want to talk to you if you're not in too much of a hurry," said Clare, as he followed the boy down the steps. "Where are you going, and what do you mean to do with all those things?"

"I'm er-goin' to ther sto' fer to trade 'em."

"I didn't know there was a store away out here in the country. Where is it?"

"Right down thar." The speaker pointed directly to the house where all the travelers stopped to sit on the porch.

However, that surely could not be a store. Clare thought, for it was merely a cottage; whereas all the stores he had ever seen or heard of were great, tall buildings with lots of plate-glass windows and elevators and splendid counters. "Do you mean that little white house where the people are sitting on the porch?"

"Yep; that thar's it."

A very happy idea suddenly occurred to Clare. He had wanted very much to go across the stream to that small house, and now was his opportunity. He might ride behind the boy on the donkey! Of course the poor brute was already heavily loaded; but his weight would not make much difference, and it was so near by—right in sight all the way. He was feeling a deal stronger today, and maybe his father would let him go. At any rate, he would ask. "You wouldn't mind letting me go with you, would you? I don't weigh much, and I could ride behind you."

"Nope. You can go ef you wants to."

At this reply Clare ran up the steps and into the office. It didn't take so very much insisting to obtain his father's permission; for the lenient parent felt sorry for the lonely little fellow, and wanted to pacify him as far as possible for his disappointment of the morning.

The donkey raised no objection to his additional passenger, and began a cautious descent of the winding path which led to the shallow mountain stream. It was very pleasant to feel the cool water spatter up on one's bare legs; but, for that matter, the whole trip was full of novel delights.

"Do you mean to sell these things?" asked Clare as the boys neared the store.

"Nope; I'm er-goin' to trade 'em fer flour an' coffee an' the like; an' ma said ef they weighed more'n whut we need, why, then I could git me er hat an' er pa'r uv breeches to w'ar to school nex' week. These I got on ain't fitten to wear. The money yo' pa give me'll have to go fer medicine fer ma."

This explanation was not very clearly understood by the boy, whose needs had always been supplied without any thought on his part; but there was no time to inquire further, as the donkey had already stopped in front of the little store.

The group of roughly dressed men who sat about the door talking and laughing good-naturedly looked surprisedly at Clare as he followed his newly made acquaintance past them. "Whose kid's that?" said one.

"Some o' them city folks over to the hotel, I guess," another replied.

The interior of the store was unlike anything that Clare had ever seen. It was small and dark, and its contents included hardware, dry goods, groceries, drugs, red stick candy, and ladies' flower-decked bonnets in topsy-turvy confusion. He looked about in silent interest while his companion was effecting his "trade."

When the contents of the baskets and tin pails had been weighed and provisions measured out in exchange, the scantily clad boy hesitated for a moment, looking wistfully at the short jeans trousers and coarse straw hats displayed on the counters. "Ma said ef thar wus eny balunce I could git me some breeches an' a hat," he ventured at last.

"'Twa'nt no balunce," said the storekeeper dryly. "They come out jes' even."

The lad made no reply, but started toward the door with an expression of unconcealed disappointment.

The truth of the situation suddenly dawned upon Clare Chester. He understood now what was meant by "trading" the provisions. The poor boy had no money with which to buy clothes, and would have to wear those ragged garments to school. For a moment Clare jingled the money which had been given him as a reward for staying away from the cave party. It would buy a good many things which he really wanted, but then—"I'd like to buy a pair of those trousers and that hat with the blue band," he suddenly announced to the storekeeper as he handed over his money. The order was readily complied with, but both his compion and the merchant looked quizzically at the well-dressed boy as he took the parcels.

The return trip to the hotel was a very happy one, and by the time the boys had reached their destination they felt as though they were old friends.

"I thank you very much for taking me along with you. It's been great fun. Good-by. Here are your parcels," said Clare as he slid off the donkey and held the newly purchased clothes toward the mountain lad.

"They ain't mine; they're yo's," was the reply.

"No, they're too big for me. I got them as a present for you. Please take them."

The lad hesitated for a moment, as if he did not understand the meaning of Clare's words; then a smile of gratitude lit his face. "Thankee," he said. "Ma'll be glad I has 'em to wear, an' I won't never forgit you."

* * * * * *

Clare seemed to gain new strength with every day spent in the fine, highland climate. The resident physician advised out-of-door exercise as the surest way to vigor; and Mr. Chester in riding about the country had found a gentle little pony, which he at once purchased for his son's use. The boy was delighted with this new possession, and often rode to the station beside the hack on its daily trips. One morning he arose rather late, and when he rode down to the gate he found that the hack had already started for the station. However, it had not long been gone, and he felt sure that he could overtake it quickly, so set out alone. He had traveled over the forest road many times, and believed beyond a doubt that he knew the way; but the forked roads through the dense woods are sometimes very deceptive, and before the young rider realized it he had taken the wrong road and was lost. He tried to turn back, but the more he turned the more confusing became the byways, and he had wandered helplessly about the woods for almost an hour when a sudden, heavy shower began to fall. To be lost was bad enough, but to be lost in a drenching rain was worse; and Clare was on the verge of despair when he heard a sound of galloping down the road toward him. In another minute the gray donkey came into view and a familiar voice called out: "Whut are you-uns doin' here in the rain?"

"I started to the station and got lost. I don't know my way back, and I'm sure my mother must be uneasy for me," Clare explained.

"Wa'al," exclaimed the lad in surprise, "you're right at my house. It's right thar behind them trees. Let's hustle in out'n the rain."

Clare followed his rescuer down the road and into the little log cabin, where a woman and several small children were huddled about the door. "Here he is, ma! Here's the feller whut give me the breeches. He'd started to the station and got lost on the way," said the lad as Clare came into the house.

"Lands alive! we're right glad to see you; but you're all wet, an' you'll be sick. Take him up in the loft an' give him some dry clothes, Tommy," said the woman.

Clare ascended a ladder which connected the upper story of the cabin with the lower, and soon found himself clad in a blue cotton shirt and the very same trousers that he had bought at the country store.

"Now you stay here with my folks till the rain holds up, an' I'll gallop over to the hotel an' t ell yo' folks you're all right," said Tommy as they descended the ladder.

"But you'll get wet again," Clare protested.

"Aw, I'm used to it," the lad called back as he ran out the door into the shower.

It was almost noon when the rain ceased and the gray donkey and the bay pony, with their riders, set out for the hotel.

Clare looked very odd in the ill-fitting, rough clothes as he ran up the steps into his mother's arms, but she thought that the sight of her little boy had never been so tender to her before.

"These are the trousers I bought at the country store. I never thought I'd really wear them," said Clare laughingly.

"Your deed of charity has repaid you. Kindness is the truest wisdom, my son," whispered the mother happily.—Christian Advocate.

The press informs us that the Chinese Government has decided to appoint Tang Shao Yi, Governor of Moukden province and former president of Foreign Affairs, as High Commissioner to visit Washington for the purpose of thanking the United States Government for remitting a portion of the Chinese "Boxer" indemnity. China will send a hundred students to the United States to be educated and continue to send them for four years and thereafter fifty students a year until the whole amount remitted has been spent. China desires the closest friendship with the United States.

The Daily Standard Union of Brooklyn, New York, informs us that the Socialist Labor party nominated for president of the United States a man now in the Nevada State penitentiary, serving a term of twenty-five years for killing a saloon keeper. His name was received with a great outburst of applause. He is only 32 years of age, three years under the required age of that high office. The degree of desperation presented in this situation is worthy of careful study.

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